

Octavius and the Shadow

The ones who killed Caesar, the great comet of Julius,
killed their own bodies
and minds
lost all they were to the parchment of history
hit with sun from between black clouds and furies
of stars.

The ones who killed Caesar only rushed their own cowardice
under hammers of time and envy
for Caesar did not move as they tried to tell the world.

Not at all.

Was Caesar a dog, untamed and wild, with gauges drawing his lines
around the known globe of age, from his gnashing jaws
unhindered?

Was Caesar a villain,
a tyrant a killer
who needed a death as quickly as cancer of bones and eyes?

Caesar was enemy, to predators,
opulent thieves, corpulent politicians
who sought bodies of their own to eat and leave at the roadside
near fattened manors
while citizens chased loaves of bread through city streets
if bread were even available.

Enemies of Caesar were terrified; things they'd stolen
plagiarized

(More)

taken from the good, consumed from the dead
would dimmish and disappear through Caesar's gratuity
for all the people in Rome
— lovely only for the mechanical, as some will say
and yet wisely and kindly Caesar moves with food, and drink, and property, and coins,
to cover and quench while adding vast libraries, and knowledge, and architecture,
defense
— to each citizen alive, and so properly Roman.

The great mystery comet was return of Caesar, corpsly and grand, its shadow the robe
of Octavius sparkling
and good to all, and all to well.
Octavian intellect and passionate armor
beauty engraved and heavily inscribed, with study he
made the utter disposal, of carnivores who'd stabbed and degraded dear Caesar
who gave dear Caesar his many hard deaths
in the senate
on the floor
in the cool light of columns
in the very tall empire Caesar had solid journey and will
to create
and grow
for everyone.

Killers of Julius, the killers of Rome,
would rot in bowels, a filth disgraced and beheaded and
mostly by symbols and words aligned by the grace of
Octavius and a searing glow of rocky chariot
in what some call heaven itself.

Octavian steered all power and tactics, and Rome was to last forever and ever
...or at least on a small sort of calendar
til foolish and fools eventually led it all away
splitting it twice til it was dead and ruined
but never forgotten
not even today.